

GIRLS RESCUED AMID  
CHEERS OF BROKERS.

Fire Drives Them to a Sixth-  
Story Balcony Overlooking  
Wall Street.

One Girl Is About to Throw Herself  
to the Pavement When  
Help Arrives.

CARRIED BY FIREMEN TO THE ROOF.

Stevens Building, No. 18 Wall Street, the  
Scene of the Trouble—Fire Starts on  
the Fifth Floor and Is Put Out  
Without Much Loss.

By the nerve and daring of three clever  
firemen, four young women, Miss Pen-  
treath, Miss Post, Miss Hinson and another  
who refused to give her name, together  
with two men, were saved from almost  
certain death yesterday afternoon. In mak-  
ing the rescue Fireman John Clarke, Wil-  
liam Higgins and William Clarke took de-  
spiteful chances, while a crowd of bankers  
and brokers, lawyers and loungers of Wall  
street looked on.

Just before 1 p. m. yesterday E. H. Fal-  
lows, of the law firm of Carter & Fallows,  
whose office is on the sixth floor of the

FRANK WAS TENDER,  
MISS RIORDAN TIMID.

She Was Alone with Him in a  
Big House and He Tried  
to Reassure Her.

She Ran Away, Told Her Father, and  
the Affectionate Young Man  
Was Arrested.

MAGISTRATE MOTT PITIED HIM.

That Is Why the Complaint of the Ste-  
nographer Against Her Temporary  
Employer Was Dis-  
missed.

Mary Riordan, the eighteen-year-old  
daughter of Stephen F. Riordan, of Har-  
rison, appeared in the First Criminal Court  
in Newark, N. J., yesterday morning as the  
accuser of Louis Frank in an action for  
attempted assault. Magistrate Mott, in  
discharging the defendant, said that there  
was not sufficient evidence against him,  
and inclined to the opinion that it was all  
a mistake. Neither Miss Riordan nor her  
father agrees with the Magistrate and may  
lay the case before the Grand Jury.

Frank, who is an expert accountant, em-  
ployed by W. D. Hartman's Mercantile



Saving the Lives of Four Girls at a Wall Street Fire.

Flames and smoke in the Stevens building drove the young women to a balcony on the sixth floor. They were panic stricken, and one of them was about to jump to the street when Firemen John Clarke, William Higgins and William Clarke appeared on the roof above them. A short ladder was lowered to the balcony, and the young women and two men were lifted up to safety amid the cheers of an excited throng on Wall street.

Agency, at No. 621 Broadway, New York, explained the trouble to the Magistrate in this way:

"I wanted to dictate some business let-  
ters on Saturday and sent to Newark Busi-  
ness College for a stenographer. Miss  
Riordan was sent, and when she arrived I  
took her to the only unengaged place in the  
house, which happened to be on the third  
floor. The family was just moving in and  
the furniture was not yet arranged in any  
of the rooms.

"I suppose the confusion frightened the  
girl. I noticed she appeared nervous, and  
to reassure her I laid my hand on her  
shoulder and said: 'You must not be timid  
because you happen to be alone with me

here. There is no other place I could take  
you. The next I knew she had darted  
from the room, leaving her hat and wrap,  
and ran into the street. She said she was  
going to tell her father. I offered to go  
with her and explain the matter myself,  
but she was too excited to allow me."

Mary's story was different. "He took  
my face in his hands," she said, "and came  
so close that his mustache brushed my lips.  
I was terribly frightened, and made up  
my mind to get away at once and tell my  
father."

Mary's father made the complaint on  
which Frank was arrested, and appeared  
with her in court. Magistrate Mott, after  
listening to both stories, promptly released

the defendant. Frank's employers in New  
York and members of the Clark family,  
where he boarded, gave him an excellent rep-  
utation, and think Miss Riordan's timidity  
gave rise to the whole trouble.

## HELPED BY THE X RAYS.

Consumptive Johnson Continues to Im-  
prove Under Dr. Pratt's Application  
of Roentgen's Discovery.

Chicago, May 4.—John A. C. Johnson,  
who is taking the X-ray treatment for con-  
sumption, appears to be much improved.  
He will submit to another application to-  
morrow.

Johnson took his third application of the  
treatment last Thursday. The quieting ef-  
fect of the rays was noticed at once, and  
the patient's cough ceased for several  
hours. Before the test began the patient's  
temperature stood at 101; pulse, 100; res-  
piration, 24. One hour later the tempera-  
ture was the same; pulse, 88; respiration,  
27. The difference in respiration and tem-  
perature Dr. Pratt explains thus:

"My theory of it is that the ray's ac-  
tion accelerates the activity of the bac-  
teria, producing increased respiration, but  
that the oxygen generated by the ray  
proves an off-setting tonic to the heart,  
strengthening and retarding the pulse. But  
that opinion," Dr. Pratt hastened to add,  
"is not official. Dr. Spray is conducting  
this thing; I'm saying nothing, and saying  
it hard. Let the ray give all the light on  
the subject. It seems to be the only one  
that thoroughly understands its own case."

## CHLOROFORMED A GIRL.

Burglars Waited Until Her Father Got  
to Sleep, Then Ransacked  
the House.

Middletown, N. Y., May 4.—Edith Hulse,  
the eighteen-year-old daughter of Harrison  
Hulse, a farmer living near Washington-  
ville, had a thrilling experience Saturday  
morning.

Her father had remained at a distant  
part of the farm, burning brush during the  
night. Edith slept alone on the second  
floor. She was suddenly awakened by a  
handkerchief being pressed to her nostrils,  
and, as she turned restlessly, a voice whis-  
pered:

"Speak, and I'll kill you."

In the dim light from a window she saw  
the figure of a man bending over her, while  
another stood by his side. Too frightened  
to speak, Miss Hulse relapsed into uncon-  
sciousness from the effects of the chloro-  
form with which the handkerchief was sat-  
urated.

The farmer returned from his night's  
work while she slept, and the burglars  
ransacked the house after he fell asleep.  
They secured about \$100 in money and took  
a pistol from the bureau by her bed. Edith  
recovered consciousness about 4 o'clock and  
screamed on finding she was alone. The  
other members of the family were awak-  
ened and found that the house had been  
robbed. Miss Hulse has been hysterical  
since then.

EACH ASKS DIVORCE  
TO MARRY AGAIN.

J. S. Hiller Would Be Free from  
Jeanette St. Henry to Wed  
Edith Woodcock.

Miss St. Henry Desires Absolute Sep-  
aration That She and Hugh  
Childers May Be Joined.

SUITS PENDING IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Mr. Hiller Avers His Wife Deserted Him  
and She Says He Was Unfaith-  
ful—Protests of Mutual  
Self-Sacrifice.

Jeanette St. Henry, of "A Black Sheep,"  
at Hoyt's Theatre, and J. S. Hiller, musical  
director of the De Wolf Hopper Opera  
Company, playing at the Broadway, are  
suing each other for divorce. The case  
will shortly be heard in a San Francisco  
court.

Miss St. Henry and Mr. Hiller were mar-  
ried twelve years ago. For a time their  
married life was harmonious. Then discord  
began to intrude itself into the musician's  
family. False notes were frequent—in fact,  
both parties claim to be in possession of  
several, speaking from a chirographical  
standpoint. Last September Mrs. Hiller  
left her home. She says she was per-  
suaded to leave by Hugh Childers, baritone  
in the Henderson Opera Company, of Chi-  
cago.

Out of consideration for her, Mr. Hiller  
says, he brought suit for divorce on the  
ground of desertion. She began counter  
proceedings, naming Edith Yerrington  
Woodcock as co-respondent. Miss St. Hen-  
ry says that she and Childers will be mar-  
ried as soon as her divorce is granted, and  
Mr. Hiller is determined to make Miss  
Woodcock his wife when the courts set him  
free.

Miss St. Henry, while speaking of her  
troubles, became almost hysterical in de-  
nunciation of her husband. "What I have  
endured from him nobody knows," she  
said. "For years I condoned his offenses.  
I sent him money every week to pay bills  
and found eventually that the bills were  
never settled. I stood between him and  
his father in England when the old gen-  
tleman threatened to disinherit him. Mat-  
ters got so bad finally that I had to leave  
him. My self-respect demanded that we  
should part."

"Mr. Childers is a gentleman. He came  
to my assistance at a time when I had  
neither friends nor money. It is cruel to  
bring his name into this matter, but now  
that we have been talked of so much we  
will undoubtedly marry when the divorce  
is granted."

Mr. Hiller says his wife came under the  
influence of Childers, and that the one ob-  
ject of his life was to meet Childers face  
to face. He said that on many occasions  
he had stinted himself to send money to  
his wife; that he had taught her  
practically all she knows about  
music and the stage, and had se-  
cured her various remunerative engage-

MAYOR GLEASON HAS  
A COAT OF ARMS.

New? Well, Hardly; It Is as  
Old as the Irish  
Kings.

The Big Mayor Feels It Is Time to  
Show It When His Family  
Is Questioned.

DOESN'T QUITE EXPLAIN THE LIONS.

He Feels, However, That the Drawn Dag-  
ger Over Them Should Be Evidence  
That the British Beasts Are  
Not Safe.

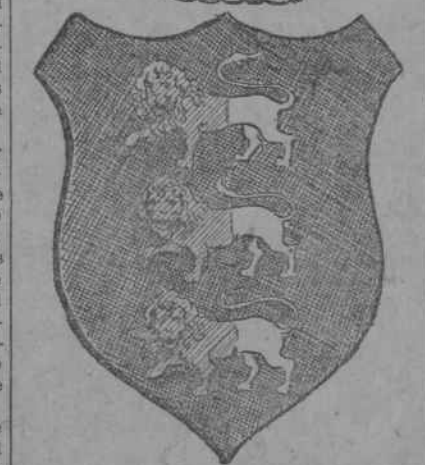
"Ha! ha! ho! ho! Well, that's pretty  
good!"

His Honor, Patrick J. Gleason, Mayor of  
all Long Island City, leaned back in his  
chair and laughed again.

"So they say I was never naturalized, do  
they? Well, perhaps not, but that has been  
charged before at election times, and the  
charge was as false then as now."

"It is claimed that you hold the office of  
Mayor illegally, because you are not an  
American citizen," said the reporter, some-  
what timidly.

Mr. Gleason's blue eyes lost their good-  
humored twinkle. "It is true," said he,  
"that I wasn't born in this country, but I



MAYOR GLEASON'S COAT OF ARMS.

came here when I was seventeen years old,  
and I have been a good American citizen  
ever since. If anybody wants to bring the  
matter into court I will face him. I am  
proud to be an American, though I come  
from a long line of kings—and not from  
Kings County, either. I have a coat of  
arms—you wouldn't believe that, would  
you?—but I have, and my coat of  
arms is no mushroom thing, I can tell



Jeanette St. Henry, Whose Husband, J. S. Hiller, Seeks a Divorce—She Also Wants One.

ments. He says he is educating Miss  
Woodcock for the higher branches of opera  
—she has played minor roles—and will  
make her his wife when he can do so. He  
has an income of \$750 a year from an En-  
glish estate, and draws \$125 a week salary  
from the opera company.

## MILLIONS SAFELY STORED.

All the Gold Belonging to the New York  
Clearing House Is Now in  
Its Own Vaults.

Quietly during the last few days, so as  
not to attract attention, has the \$30,000,000  
gold belonging to the New York Clearing  
House been removed from the vaults of the  
Mercantile Trust Company to the extensive  
vaults in the new Clearing House building,  
in Cedar street.

The last of the precious metal was moved  
yesterday, and Assistant Manager Gilpin  
made the last check mark on the tally  
sheets kept by clerks under his supervision.  
As each load was hauled away two well-  
armed detectives climbed aboard the wagon  
and kept vigilant watch while it was being  
carried to its new resting place.

The vaults under the new Clearing  
House are perhaps the most complete in  
this city. Nothing which modern in-  
geniousness can devise to prevent loss from fire  
or robbers has been omitted. The building  
is complete in all its details, but no por-  
tion of it has been so carefully planned  
and constructed as the strong rooms in the  
basement, where the gold is stored.

"I haven't had it made to order and I  
have it because I cannot help myself."

The big Mayor paused a moment and then  
continued: "I'm not an aristocrat. I'm a  
matter-of-fact man, but since this question  
of citizenship has come up it becomes more  
or less a question as to who I am. There  
is nothing in my life or the life of my fore-  
fathers that I am ashamed of. That's the  
way with the Gleasons. Here is the coat  
of arms."

"The Mayor took from the table beside him  
a ponderous volume. One John Rooney  
compiled the tome. It contains the gene-  
alogical trees of the best blood of Ireland's  
sons, who have done much to make America  
what it is. Turning to page 456 the idol of  
Long Island City silently pointed at the  
headline "Gleason."

"Read that," he said. It read as follows:

"The Gleason family is descended from Milesius,  
King of Spain, through the line of his son,  
Hobert. The founder of the family was George  
Cas, son of Olliel Ollim, King of Munster, A. D.  
177, and his consort, Sabia, daughter of Con, of  
the 'hundred battles.' King of Ireland, A. D.  
148. The ancient name was Gleasain, and sig-  
nifies 'The Turner.' The possessions of the clan  
were located in the present County of Tipperary.  
This family is numerous in the United States,  
where many of them occupy prominent positions. Among them may be men-  
tioned Mr. Patrick J. Gleason, ex-Mayor of Long  
Island City."

"And what do you think of this?" asked  
the reporter, as he rested his index finger on  
a reproduction of the Gleason coat-of-  
arms.

"That's the Gleason family coat-of-arms,"  
said he, "only in my case the dagger  
should be changed into a battle ax."

WARING'S WHITE WINGS  
ARE WEARY OF FINES.

Street Cleaners Also Complain  
of Assessments for a  
Parade's Expense.

Walking Delegate McNulty's Story  
of Impositions Denied by  
the Commissioner.

SOME OF THE QUEER REGULATIONS.

Nearly \$1,200 in Penalties Collected in  
Seven Weeks from the Poorly  
Paid Wearers of  
Duck.

Fifty rules with penalties of fines or dis-  
missal are being enforced in the Street  
Cleaning Department by Commissioner  
Waring. According to Walking Delegate  
McNulty, of the Hostlers' and Drivers' Un-  
ion of the Street Cleaning Department,  
one hundred employees are fined on an av-  
erage three days a week. They are working  
these three days, he says, and do not know  
what rules they have broken until they are  
fined.

There is another grievance which was  
only learned yesterday. Colonel Waring  
is preparing for a parade of the department  
employees, and money is needed for bands  
and other things. The men complain that  
they have been assessed according to their  
earnings for the expenses. These assess-  
ments are as follows: Sweepers, cartmen,  
"boardmen," etc., 35 cents each; foremen,  
\$2; time keepers, \$37 superintendents of  
districts, \$4; Commissioner and Deputy  
Commissioner, \$10 each. Besides this, the  
men say they have to pay \$2.75 each for  
new suits. The first assessment at the  
East Twenty-third street stables will be  
collected to-morrow.

"Assessment! Why, no," said Colonel  
Waring yesterday, when shown this sched-  
ule. "There is no assessment. The men  
give the money voluntarily. If they give,  
well and good; if they don't, it does not  
affect their position. They offered them-  
selves to contribute."

"How did the schedule come to be made  
out?"

"Well, ha—hum—some of the men wanted  
to contribute more than was their proper  
share. Sweepers would offer, for instance,  
to contribute \$1. That was too much, so  
we adopted the pro rata scale. No one  
need contribute if he does not want to do  
so."

The list of fines for the fifty employees was  
shown by the Colonel. One offence is  
"failure to report or send notice to fore-  
man when sick." The first offence means  
a fine of one day's pay; the second, three  
days' pay and the third dismissal. "Using  
machine before street is sprinkled" means  
dismissal. "Failure to report residence to  
foreman" means a five days' fine for the  
first offence, ten days' for the second and  
dismissal for the third. The same penalties  
are imposed for "deliberately trotting or  
galloping a horse." "Failure to have cart  
number exposed" means dismissal after two



Stevens building at No. 18 Wall street,  
overlooking a narrow court, heard a voice  
shouting and looked out of the window. A  
man at a window on the opposite side of  
the court screamed to him: "There's a  
fire on the floor below you."

Then came a puff of black smoke and the  
flash of flames. Fallows ran to the floor  
below and into the offices of Havens &  
Beebe. They were deserted, and flames  
were arising from a pile of waste papers  
near the desk of F. Lin Bruce, a member  
of the firm, which was close to the win-  
dows looking out on the court. Mr. Fal-  
lows and the elevator boy tried to extin-  
guish the flames, but were unable to do  
so, and were finally driven out. In the  
meantime the office boy of Havens &  
Beebe, who had first seen the fire while all  
the clerks were at lunch, had rushed to  
the street and turned in an alarm.

The smoke drove the elevator boy and  
Lawyer Fallows back to the main stairway,  
which adjoins the elevator shaft. Fallows  
dashed up the stairs to the sixth floor and  
gave the alarm.

In Ritch, Woodford, Boree & Wallace's  
office on the sixth floor there were four  
women typewriters and two men, all of  
whom upon hearing the scream of "Fire!"  
ran for the elevator. The smoke in the  
hallway was by this time dense and black.  
They retreated, and in the excitement the  
women climbed out of the windows to the  
iron balcony. This balcony fronts on Wall  
street. There they stood, looking down  
upon the excited, gesticulating crowd of  
brokers in the street below. One of the  
young women looked up at the steep, slop-  
ing front of the Mansard roof and evident-  
ly made up her mind to jump to the pave-  
ment below. She put her hands on the iron  
rail and leaned over. The crowd below  
pleaded with her not to jump.

At this moment there was a shout from  
above, and looking up the young woman  
saw the red face of an excited fireman.  
"Stay where you are," he shouted. "We  
will be with you in a minute."

The woman waved her hand to him and  
stepped back from the rail.

The next instant the firemen crept to the  
edge of the slanting roof and lowered a lad-  
der. Two of them lay face downward on  
the roof gripping the top rung of the lad-  
der. The third descended the ladder to the  
balcony. Then he grasped the young  
woman, who but a moment before had  
thought of jumping, and helped her up to  
the roof. Five times he did this, assisting  
two men last.

The crowd below saw the rescue and  
cheered the firemen loudly. William Clarke  
is a member of No. 10 Hook and Ladder  
truck. William Higgins and John Clarke  
belong to No. 15 truck.

Three alarms had meantime been turned  
in and more than a dozen engines had re-  
sponded. In twenty minutes the fire was  
under control and in twenty minutes more  
it was out. The fire had been confined to  
the fifth and sixth floors of the building,  
and only Havens & Beebe and Carter and  
Fallows suffered losses, aggregating about  
\$5,000. The building belongs to the Stevens  
estate.

## ROOM NEEDED AT VASSAR.

John D. Rockefeller's \$100,000 Gift May  
Provide It.

Poughkeepsie, May 4.—It is not yet known  
exactly what use will be made of the \$100,-  
000 gift from Mr. John D. Rockefeller to  
Vassar College, but at the last meeting of  
the trustees the needs of the college were  
fully discussed and the want of more room  
was brought prominently forward.

It was finally agreed that two new build-  
ings should be erected, if possible, one for  
a recitation hall and the other for a dor-  
mitory, and that if \$100,000 could be ob-  
tained by subscription the trustees would  
add an equal amount from the sum left to  
the college by John Jay Vassar, which is  
not subject to any restrictions, thus mak-  
ing \$200,000 in all. Mr. Rockefeller is a  
member of the Board of Trustees, and it is  
probable that his gift is in accordance with  
the plans already made.



Miss Riordan, Who Said Mr. Frank Tried to Kiss Her.

She is a stenographer whom Mr. Frank employed to do some work. She  
charged him with attempted assault, but Magistrate Mott thought she had  
made a mistake.